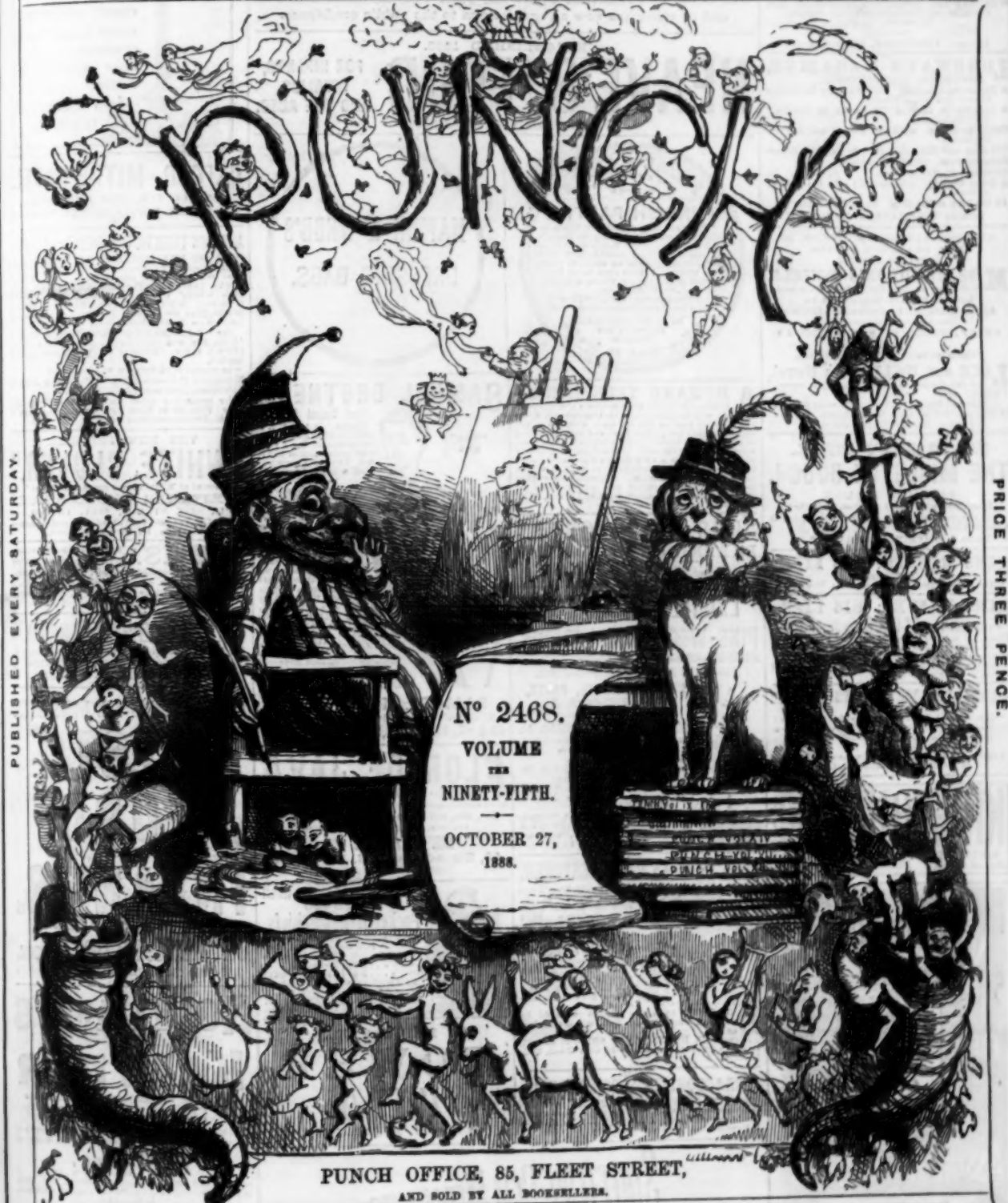


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A BEAR IDEA.

AIR—"The Whale." To be set and sung to an Accompaniment of Hungarian Gipsy Music, to be composed by Archduke Joseph, and Dedicated to H.R.H. the P. of W.

'Twas in October's month,
 Brave Boys,
 With RUDOLPH we did repair,
 And we all went away
 To Transyl-va-ni-a,
 We went for to shoot a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 We went for to shoot a bear.

I took three guns,
 My deadliest ones,
 For partridge, grouse, or hare,
 With cartridge and ball,
 Both great and small,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear.

When H.R.H.
 Was making a spache
 At luncheon—(sumpshus fare!)—
 A Keeper so cute
 Says, with a salute,
 "I think as I've tracked a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I think as I've tracked a bear!"

I was showing RUDOLPH
 The rules of golf,
 For which he doesn't care,
 When up comes ELLIS,
 And what he's got to tell is,
 That "someone has heard a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 That someone has heard a
 bear!"



An Aide-de-camp
 Was singing a song, [air,
 And I was joining in the
 When RUDOLPH cries out,
 With a very loud shout,

"My eyes! there is such
 a bear,
 Brave Boys.
 My eyes! there is such a
 bear!"

Trim ESTERHAZY,
 Who was getting rather lazy,
 Jumped up, and cried out,
 "Where?"
 And gay Count BREDA,
 As bold as a Crusader,
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys?"
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear!"

Says I, "Crown Prince,
 I'll never wince,
 And on my head my hair
 Will not with fright
 Stand bolt upright,
 Whenever I see that bear,
 Brave Boy,
 Whenever I see that bear!"

I seized my gun,
 With a bound and a run,
 The danger I longed to share;
 When just behind a tree,
 A-looking at me,
 I saw that grisly bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I saw that grisly bear!

He was rubbing his eyes
 With some surprise—
 He'd just awoke from his lair.
 I aimed—he ran—
 Bang! flash!—in the pan!
 So I did not kill that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I did not kill that bear!

TALKING IT OVER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"On the occasion of the Emperor WILLIAM's visit to the Vatican, his Majesty evaded the repeated attempts of the POPE to discuss the question of the temporal power of the Papacy."—Daily Paper.

In the absence of any more direct information on the subject, the following brief dramatic version may be confidently regarded as an authentic account of the termination of the rather embarrassing interview to which the above paragraph refers:—

SCENE—An Audience Chamber in the Vatican. The POPE discovered according to a private interview to the Emperor of GERMANY, in the course of which he has made several attempts to introduce the question of the "Temporal Power," but has been successfully foiled by his Imperial visitor, who, by keeping up a rattling fire of conversation on any and every subject, from the weather downwards, has managed, during the fifteen minutes the interview has already lasted, as yet completely to evade the introduction of the, to him, unwelcome topic. The POPE, feeling that the time is slipping away, and that it is no good beating about the bush any longer, at length determines, at all hazards, to take the bull by the horns, and bring matters to an issue.

The POPE (cutting the EMPEROR short in a humorous account of the failure of the Prince of WALES, in his recent expedition, to get a shot at a single bear). Ah! very droll, your Majesty; very droll. But I wish to speak to you about a very different matter (coming to the point)—the Temporal Power, you know—

The EMPEROR (quickly). Ah! The Temporal Power. Just so. Of course (airily changing the subject as he approaches the window). Dear me! (looking out) I had no idea, your Holiness, was so well off here. What a capital garden!

The POPE (continuing). You know, it is necessary—

The EMPEROR (brightly, misunderstanding him). Of course, it is necessary. Pegged up, as you are, here, it must be quite a resource to you (again looking out), and there seems a good lot of it.

The POPE (ignoring his misinterpretation). I mean it is necessary to the exercise—

The EMPEROR (cutting in briskly). Of course it is necessary for exercise; and, I'm sure, I'm very glad your Holiness is able to get it. I doubt if you would be able to get on without it.

The POPE (still holding on). To the exercise of my spiritual functions, and so its restoration—

The EMPEROR (catching at the word glibly). Restoration! To be sure. That's going on everywhere. All over the place, in fact. Quite a rage for it. Such lots of new Boulevards. I'm sure I don't know what they won't restore next.

The POPE (determined to get it out). And its restoration is the only sure guarantee for the security of European Peace.

The EMPEROR (flying off at a tangent gaily). Peace! Ha! Of course—The League of Peace. Just been cementing that over the way at the Quirinal. Fancy, too, it looks like certain success.

The POPE (still sticking to his guns). Your Majesty, there is only one thing certain, and that is that Rome must come back.

The EMPEROR (merrily). Come back? From what I have seen, I should say it was more inclined to go forward. (With a good-humoured wink.) But, of course, your Holiness knows best.

The POPE (nothing daunted). It must become Papal Rome once more.

The EMPEROR. Ha! hum! exactly. Quite so. (Feeling things are getting hot and changing front, with sudden effusion.) But, by the way, what a delightful afternoon it seems to be turning out. Quite pleasant, I declare. And that reminds me. (Jumping at Happy Thought.) I really must be going.

The POPE. What, going without settling anything?

The EMPEROR. Settling anything? Why, yes, everything is rather unsettled, isn't it? (Beating a retreat.) Hum! Yes! Precisely. Just so. Of course! (Taking his leave respectfully.) Anyhow, it is so kind of your Holiness to have received me. Enjoyed our talk so much, you know. 'Pon my word, I have.

[Bows himself out, and joining his suite with "evident signs of deep emotion" depicted on his countenance, leaves the POPE shaking his head, conscious that he has had a not very satisfactory interview with a remarkably unmanageable and troublesome young man.

ROYAL VISIT TO HIS OWN CAPITAL.

ON Wednesday last London was brilliantly lighted to honour the arrival of King FOG, who paid his first state visit of the season to his own capital. He entered the City on the East, and proceeded in triumphal procession towards the West. On reaching Kensington he returned. His Majesty also visited the suburbs. The royal progress was celebrated by grand fantasias on A Thousand Respiratory Organs, Baron BRONCHITIS was out with his Bandannas borne by four hoarse-men. The Actors of London, with bad colds, were represented by Mr. HERMANN WHEEZIN, and in the train of King FOG followed the celebrated General DE PNEUMON, with deputations from the various states of Ill-health and Indigestion. The rear was brought up by bands of Coughs, Burglars, and Policemen at a respectful distance. His Majesty has been taking a slight rest during the last few days but he has no intention of quitting the Metropolis for some time to come.

OLD KING COAL.

SONG OF AN ANTI-SCIENTIST.



King Coal (roused out of his slumber). "OH, WHAT A BORE!"
*London (to Science). "TAKE MY ADVICE, AND DON'T HAVE ANY-
 THING TO DO WITH HIM. HE'S A GREAT DEAL TOO DEEP FOR US."*

*"Is there Coal under London?" We sincerely trust there is not, and
 that, if there is, it will never be discovered. The prospect of a colliery
 district at Streatham, with an eventual revival of the iron industries of Surrey,
 Kent, and Sussex, is enough to make every Londoner despair."—Times.*

Yes, Old King Coal is a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul is he;
 But we shall all be undone
 If they find him under London;
 So we trust *that* is fiddlededee.

O! the plague and the pother, Oh! the shindy and the smother

That in all suburban districts we should
see!
So Old King Coal we'll trouble you
To disturb not the S.W.,
And let us live on easy in E.C.

For though Old King Coal is a useful old soul
Whom generally men are glad to see,
Yet we all shall be despondent,
If the "Thunderer's" Correspondent
Correct in this affair should prove to be.
Fancy carrying the drill to the foot of Streat-
ham Hill,
Or filling Hampstead Heath with reek and
roar!
No, prithee, Madam Science,
Stay your hand with this appliance,
For a "bore" at Richmond Hill would be
a bore.

It may be as you say, that below the London
Clay,
At Tottenham and eke at Kentish Town,
You, by boring a big hole,
May arrive at last at Coal,
That is if you dig very deeply down.
Yet spite of any treasures that might come
from the Coal Measures,
And the "Wealden denudations," and all
that,
The Metropolitan zone
You had better leave alone,
The game's not worth the candle, Ma'am,
that's flat!

Punch's heart is hard as steel against
WHITAKER's appeal
For sub-Jurassic borings and such stuff.
Wealth-grabbing is our time's tone,
But below the London limestone
Is no place for Dives' delving,—that's
enough.
Cut your scientific cackle, bring no more
Contractor's tackle
To mar our grim Metropolis still more:
For though Old King Coal
Is a merry old soul,
We do not want his mirth near Thames's
shore.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR those whose musical memories are well stored, Dr. SPARK's *Musical Memories* have not much novelty to offer. All the professional people of his acquaintance seem to have been as nearly morally and socially perfect as may be. He is quite a "good GRIFFITH" (not the safe man with an "s," but the oral biographer of Cardinal WOLSEY) in his reminiscences, and thereon is much to be commended. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But how interpret "bonum"? I should say in a biography let us translate it as "a good thing" about so-and-so. Well, he has some "good things" in this sense, and he tells them in a sufficiently lively manner to warrant me in alluding to him as "The Vital Spark." He tells very naively of dinner-parties at PATTI's on "off nights"—which seem to have been rather "On" nights—when "at the invitation of STRAKOSCH he had an opportunity of dining with the family party"—he means the family PATTI—"sometimes strengthened" he goes on, whispering in brackets, "by two or three influential critics" at their charming house, Rossini Villa, Clapham Park. These indeed, were delightful times, &c., &c. Clapham rather discounts the "Rossini" of the Villa. On the whole, very nearly, VITAL SPARK's book is chatty and amusing for any half-hour unoccupied.

The Autobiography of SIMS REEVES is a thrilling Romance. It opens with a sensa-



"'ANDICAPPED!'"

Gool-Bird (having just picked "Landlord's" pocket). "AMERIKIN WATCH! SHABBY OLD 'UMBUG!—AND 'IM A MAN O' PROPERTY TOO! UGH! WHAT 'ITH DOWNRIGHT FRAUD LIKE THIS 'ERE, AN' COERCION, AN' WHAT NOT, A POOR MAN HA'N'T GOT A CHANCE!!"

tional murder, and the book, like *Prospero's Island*, is "full of strange noises." There is not enough about SIMS REEVES himself, details of his studies, and so forth.

People are going about laughing—all business is suspended—chuckling and nudging is the order of the day. No more coughs and colds. Try *Toole's Reminiscences*. The Booksellers are all making jokes over the sale of BOSWELL HATTON's TOOLE's Reminiscences. A person went to one in Hatton Garden, and asked if he had one of TOOLE's reminiscences. "No, he Hatton't," was the reply. And then the office-boys danced and cheered, and one who had previously rushed out with five-and-twenty copies under his arm, returned with, "Sold again!" I read bits of it here and there in the *Sunday Times*, but must sit down to it quietly, and be strapped into my arm-chair. A Physician will be at hand, to prevent me dyin' o' larin'.

One MOORE book, called *Spring Days*. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes it as "a nasty dish," and can find scarcely a chapter without some "flagrantly bad taste." This being so, perhaps its author will change its title to *Spring Onions*. This is a matter of taste for perfumery. Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring! Loveliest Onion of the Year! sings the Lady of Shalot (at a distance) to her own

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

CHURCH AND STAGE; OR, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The Dean's Daughter is an unwholesome, unpleasant, poorly-constructed play, with here and there some sharp, flashy writing, which is more acrimonious than amusing. As novel-readers know, *The Dean's*



M. Lafontaine in the street of the Dean, Soho. "Per-fectly Abbé!"

Daughter is by the author of *Ariane* and *As in a Looking Glass*, which last was the novel that made Mr. PHILIPS's reputation.

Ariane dramatised was a repulsively realistic, but decidedly powerful drama. In it virtue was not rewarded, as there was none to reward; but vice was punished, and the existence of all the unprin-



The Very Rev. Rutland Barrington in the dress of the Dean of St. James's. "J'y dine; J'y resta!"

cipled, godless *dramatis personæ* was shown to be thoroughly miserable. But in this play at the St. James's the Divorce Court, like "the Waverley Pen," comes "like a boon and a blessing to men," and women, too, and such small virtue as there is in the piece, or what the authors would have us accept as a substitute for virtue, is rewarded by Messrs. GRUNDY and PHILIPS by giving the divorced woman in marriage to the nominal co-respondent (after he has shot another would-be co-respondent, his rival), who clasps her to his manly breast in the presence of her former husband (whom the divorce has freed in order to continue a liaison with somebody else), and of a third lover—a mere boy who might as well have been in Eton jacket and turn-down collars, with apples and sweets in his pocket,—whose hand and fortune this injured innocent, introduced into Society under an assumed name, has just accepted. On this "heroine of the Divorce Court," before or after her marriage, an audience cannot waste its sympathy, as before marriage she is not in love with anybody,—though she foresees the probability of her being so with somebody after marrying the wrong person,—and, with her eyes open very wide indeed, she allows herself to be induced by her reprobate father, whom she despises, and her odious companion, *Mrs. Fortescue*, to marry a fortune and a title.

Miriam St. Aubyn is an ungrateful part, prettily and cleverly, if not brilliantly, played by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE, who is possessed of considerable emotional power, can rise to dignity of action, and has the true touch of pathos in her voice. She comes from the Adelphi to play the daughter of the Dean, and her place in *The Union Jack* is taken by another of the DEAN family,—DOROTHY DENE. Another coincidence is, that the Christian name of *Lady Ashwell* in the piece is DOROTHEA, and as she is to marry the *Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn*, she also will be a DOROTHY DEAN.

I suppose the somewhat scrappy dialogue is mainly taken from the novel, and of this Miss HILL has all the telling lines, which, intended to be the comic relief of the piece, she delivers as though she were once more *Cynisca*, in modern costume, impersonating a sort of vixenish chorus, making a running commentary on the action. Does Miss HILL correctly interpret the Authors?

Sir Henry Craven is one of the line of old diplomatists that commenced, I fancy, with *Baron Stein*. Here, he is a dummy *Sir Peter Teazle*, who marries a young girl in the country, and then reminds her of what she was before she became his wife. This *Sir Peter* should have been stuffed full of good things, and killed in the *entr'acte* after Act III., when he would have died deeply regretted by a numerous Dress Circle. As it is, he has little to do, nothing worth hearing to say, and reappears inopportunely as Lord Antilimax in Act IV., just in time to spoil a fairly effective dramatic situation.

Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES, as the French Maid, is uncommonly good. How she would suit that wicked French part in *Bleak House*! *Prince Balanikoff*, the would-be co-respondent of foreign extraction, looks like a melancholy Polish Jew, and his walk reminded me of the little mechanical tin-toy man drawing the cart, of whom we've seen so much recently, taking his exercise in the streets. Miss HILL says "Ta, Ta, Prince," to him. This exactly describes him. When the Russian is scratched, you find the Tar-Tar Prince underneath, and his violent scene is his best, melodramatic though it must necessarily

be. Last, but certainly not least, comes the Very Revd. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, Dean of St. James's. He looks the Dean as well as did the late JOHN CLAYTON, but he is so intimately associated with Mr. GILBERT's Vicar, who wore much the same costume in *The Sorcerer*, that any audience would never be surprised were he to step forward and, to Mr. ARMBRUSTER's excellent accompaniment, sing, "Ah me, I was a pale young Curate then." Perhaps Jester GEORGE will provide him with lyrics describing his regret at having quitted that company with the refrain, "Ah me, I was a stout young Actor then!" But, pooh, bah! He is Manager now and Comedy actor. He has to play a part in which there is little wit and no finesse; it is the *Reverend Mr. Pecksniff* and *Lady Ashwell* is his *Mrs. Todgers*. But *Pecksniff*, sober or inebriated, was amusing, and then in the end, he failed in his villany, and was only let off with a sound thrashing. The Dean is unpunished, for the possible loss of *Lady Todgers*' hand and fortune wouldn't affect him very much. The best-played scene, which does not owe much to the writing, is the one between Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Miss NETHERSOLE, when the heavy haberdashery-young-man kind of lover tells *Miriam* that her wishes are his commands, and says farewell for ever—only to reappear in the same place five minutes afterwards.

The play is preceded by a One-Act Comedy called *A Patron Saint*. At present the St. James's Management must be contented with one Saint as a Patron for the evil Dean's doings. I fancy the patronage will not be considerable, either of saints or sinners.

To come from such exceptionally unwholesome "home produce" as *The Dean's Daughter* to so exceptionally wholesome a French piece as *L'Abbé Constantin*, is as refreshing as escaping from an infected atmosphere into the pure air. M. LAFONTAINE is perfect as the *Abbé*, a genuine French type. The delicacy of his art is a study, but there is no call upon him for any strongly emotional acting. The two young men's parts are fairly acted. Miss JANE MAY, "My Pretty JANE," is not seen to advantage, and the piece, though pretty and simple enough, is deficient in any real dramatic interest. On Thursday, M. LAFONTAINE is to appear in *Le Fils de Famille*, and M. L'Abbé should be reserved for occasional *Matinées*. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

DUE NORTH.

Evenings at Lockglennie—Weather Notes—Finale.

OUR evenings are lively. Miss MILLIE plays the piano, Miss EVELYN is a violinist, and Miss MADGE a banjoist. They all know each other's music, and can play from memory almost any song or air that may be "inquired for."

D. B. is a proficient on the penny whistle, and DOLLY WHITE is a master of a small, peculiar-shaped instrument, of Italian nationality, called, I think, the *occarina*, which, when placed close to the performer's lips, makes him look as if he were doing a conjuring trick, and pretending to swallow a baby's shoe. GRANNIE plays a *nurlaton*, which he has brought from Paris. The Baron's instrument is the cornet-à-pistons, but, as the Good Aunt, who is our sole audience, declares she cannot possibly stay in the room with that noise, we insist on the Baron performing with a pocket-handkerchief stuffed into the cornet, the effect of which is very much as if he were playing it under the bedclothes. The Laird has made a life-long study of the side-drum. From his earliest years he was always attached to it, and it was attached to him,—by a string. Now his performance on it is that of a Professor. He is a Master of the Rolls.

"Very few people," he says, when he finds you are inclined to talk seriously on the subject, "very few people know what there is to be got out of a drum. It is not all noise. How effective it is at military funerals, muffled!"

This seems rather a gloomy view to take of it. When an invitation is sent to the Laird to attend a funeral, do they add on his particular card, "and bring your drum, muffled"? I don't like to ask this, and he continues, "it is the universal instrument. All nations have the drum."

"And chickens have drumsticks," puts in D. B. And by way of showing us that his remark was not meant seriously, he nods at me and says, "How are you?"

The Laird insists on my being provided with an instrument. The Wicked Uncle refuses to resign the triangle, which, he protests pathetically, he has played since the second night he came here, and wants to know why I shouldn't have the fire-irons, as he had when he first arrived? This proposition seems to be considered as fair and just, and so GRANNIE hands me the poker and shovel, with which I have to serve my apprenticeship as it were, with the reversion of the triangle, on the departure of the Wicked Uncle. We are all in our places, with Miss MILLIE at the piano. The orchestra is wonderfully successful. Perhaps the most effective of the *morceaux* is a song sung by D. B., entitled "*The Man that struck O'Hara*," which offers peculiarly fine opportunities for the side-drum and the fire-irons. There is one part—a pause—where the chorus leaves off, and only the side-drum and the fire-irons come in with one tremendous crash, illustrating the force with which "the man that struck

O'HARA" was floored by the latter's friends, who, to avenge his injuries, dragged his assailant—

"Down the passage, down the stairs,
Over tables, over chairs—
Scarcely time to say his prayers—"

Then, I think, in the awful pause that follows, comes the whack of the drum, together with the crash of the fire-irons—a most dramatic effect—as the chorus immediately bursts forth with savage exultation,

"Rags and bones were all they left
Of the man that struck O'HARA."

This so delights us all, that we play it over several times, on each repetition finding some new beauty in it, and finally finishing it with almost barbaric intensity.

The Good Aunt looks at her watch. "Half-past ten. 'God Save the Queen,' if you please, Gentlemen," she says, and, in compliance with the request of our audience, we give the National Anthem with full orchestration.

Then comes the last ceremony of the evening. Every lady who retires at ten is entitled to "Musical Honours"—that is, "By Order of the Laird," each lady is escorted down the passages to her room by the male contingent of the orchestra, in full marching order. So GRANNIE, as drum-major, walks first; then come the ladies with bed-chamber candles; then the band, at quick march, playing "*Bou-langer's March*," alternated with the "*British Grenadiers*," as we call at the different rooms, and, having seen all the ladies to their apartments, we right-about-face, and march briskly back to the appropriate and inspiring air of "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*," until we reach the Smoking-room, where we are disbanded, and go from labour to refreshment.

Next Day, and Day after, and several Days after that.—Rain persistently. Waterproofs and umbrellas required, if only to walk about the garden. It sounds paradoxical, but it's true, or ought to be, that, when it's wet, it is fine for fishing. Plenty of fish in the river, but they remain there. I go on the moors, when they're driving, and catch a severe cold.

Next day stay in, and see the sport from window, as the shooters are visible to the naked eye as they go up the hill.

Happy Thought (as I see them in the distance).—"How happy could I be with heather"—if it were only dry, and not such a trouble to walk through.

At my Window.—They're having good sport, judging from the reports I hear. Reports becoming more and more distant, and only miniature mechanical toy-men and puffs of smoke can be seen through glasses. "Lookers on see most of the game." Quite untrue at this distance, as I see most of the men and nothing whatever of the game.

GRANNIE, the fisherman, returns, despondently. He has lost his best fly, which has been taken by a prodigious fish. "So," says he, "I was spoof'd over that." He thinks it rather hard to be "spoof'd." But he has had no luck. "Are the flies," I ask, "meaning a whole pocket-book full of them such as he has got—'expensive'?" "Yes," he replies, "they cost a goodish bit; but," he adds, in the tone of a disappointed man, "so does all sport. What's the use of climbing over moors, or wading up to your neck in water, merely to be spoof'd in the end?" I admit that this does sound hard. We talk sport generally, and I obtain some valuable information. Has he been lucky in horse-racing? "No," he replies—"lost." Then he adds, with playful irony, "It's 'osses makes the 'oof to fly." This, I presume, is a new sporting proverb. Play on the words, "'osses" and "'oof," by dropping the "h." "No," he explains, "'oof' means coin." *Unde derivatur "Oof"?*

I keep private Meteorological Notes. We begin with,—
Any Day.—10 A.M.—Rain. Everything wet—turf, garden-seats, &c., &c.

10:30.—Sun. Everything dry.

11.—Scorching. Must change things to summer suit.

11:30.—Am in summer suit. Deluge of rain. Change again. Gaiters, goloshes, thickest boots, umbrella, sou'wester.

12:30.—Sun suddenly brilliant. Heat tropical,—moist heat, like vapour-bath. Birds singing. Open all windows. In-doors unbearable. Gnats, flies, wasps, bees. Hang up waterproof, get rid of gaiters, goloshes, &c. Return to summer clothing. Go in to lunch. Doors and windows open. Iced drinks. At lunch arrange for walk, going out in canoe, under shady trees, on river's bank. Lawn tennis, if not too sultry, or sit under trees, in American chairs, reading.

2:30.—Transformation scene! Quick change! Torrent of rain. Driving wind from S.E. Rush for waterproofs. Chilly. Arctic cold.

3.—In-doors, putting on winter things. Lighting fires. Shutting all windows. Sit down to be comfortable.

4:15.—Suddenly, sun, tropical heat again—let fires go out—go out ourselves—going to be fine? No—weather suddenly (every change in Scotland is sudden,—the people are cautious, but the weather is impulsive) becomes mixed, and, to express it musically, we have no longer a solo of sun, or of rain, or of wind, nor do we have a duet of rain and wind; but we have a wonderful trio of sun, rain and wind, in unison!!

It is a Grand Meteorological Opera. A magnificent symphony, or cantata,—water-cantata,—might be written entitled *The Weather*, which idea I hereby offer to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN or Mr. GORING THOMAS or Dr. MACKENZIE, with my compliments, and "no fees." All that is required to-day, as the shades of evening gather round us, is that the First Act of the New Meteorological Scotch Opera should end with a magnificent ensemble of rain, hail, thunder, lightning, snow, all this to the "sun's setting," and with fine "passages for the wind." These last can be found in the house and outbuildings. As somebody sings, "*So the Story goes*," and so it goes on for ten days,—and then, on the first fine day, I go off!

No help for it; I've made all my arrangements. Must depart. There's no doubt about it. This is the first fine day, and bid farewell I must to Lochglennie, and the last words that salute my ear as the train moves off come from D. B., who rushes to the corner of the platform, and just as the train is getting up its speed shouts, "How are you?" To which, the remembrance of GRANNIE's ill luck flashing across my mind at the moment, I have only time to reply "Spoof'd!"

And "spoof'd" I am by the weather. And now "Book agen!" And so ends my ten days' holiday Due North.

DIVINE SHAKSPEARE AND THE GREAT SCOTT.

IMMORTAL Dramatist and Novelist! Spell Scot with a single "t," and it will stand for Lord RONALD of the Sculptor's chisel. This



Chiselled by a canny Scot.

sentencing a statue of SHAKSPEARE to the people of Stratford-on-Avon, which event we chronicled last week.

ATR (Old Scotch, like the Whiskey)—"What gat ye for Supper, Lord Ronald, my son?"

I.
Where gat ye your statue, Lord RONALD, my son?
It's as white as a spectre, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I made it in France, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And I've gi'en it to Stratford, and fain would lie doon.

II.
Will ye do one for London, Lord RONALD, my son,
Now that SHAKSPEARE's in Paris, my handsome young man?—
Oh, London saw mine, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And in Paris c'est connu, so let me lie doon.

III.
Why not MOLIERE for London, Lord RONALD, my son?
'Twould be but politeness, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I'm weary of Paris, mither,—mak my bed soon;
The Bard took twelve years there,—so let me lie doon.

The "OLD PARLOUR-BORDER MINSTREL" adds that "this, with the drone of the pipes, will enchant all hearers." For the sake of metre, he wishes "Paris" in the penultimate line to be pronounced "Parrs," as one syllable; that is, if we see no objection—and we don't.

IMPORTANT PORTENT!—Mr. IRVING, who is always making good speeches, made a telling one at Bolton, which, as reported, seems to have consisted principally of one lengthy but most appropriate quotation. But what was really remarkable was that, from beginning to end, he never once mentioned "Friend TOOLE." How's this? Where was JOSEPH BOSWELL HATTON to note the portentous omission? JOHN LAWRENCE will address "Friend Irving" with the words of the song that Miss GRACE DAMIEN sings so charmingly, "Can You Forget?"

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—Mr. BAILEY has written an interesting book, called *Modern Methusalehs*. The Author must be henceforth known as "The Old Bailey."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Angelica. "LOOK, EDWIN! MR. AND MRS. DEDLEIGH BOREHAM! I'M QUITE ASHAMED TO MEET THEM! THEY'RE ALWAYS ASKING US TO DINNER, AND WE'VE NEVER EVEN ASKED THEM INSIDE OUR HOUSE! WE REALLY MUST MAKE SOME RETURN!"

Edwin. "SOME RETURN! WHY, CONFUND IT! ONCE WE ACTUALLY DID DINE WITH THEM! WHAT MORE CAN THEY EXPECT!"

"THE SISTERS THREE;"

OR, THE LEAGUE OF PEACE.

A Modern Bismarckian Version of an Ancient Classical Myth.

"THEN must he suffer what the Fates ordain:
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain!"

So mild ALCEUS, great Phœacia's King,
If one may trust what POPE and HOMER sing.
ALCEUS's though was not a Teuton; no;—
And I am scarcely "mild," to friend or foe.
On German ears such gentle accents jar.
Who was it said that Man is his own Star.
"Commands all time, all influence, all fate.
Nothing for him falls early or too late?"
I like that better! Parson of my own,
Each crowned, each seated on a radiant throne,
With robes star-spangled,—docile each to Me,
As the Fates were, 'tis said, to Destiny!—
That's more like my ideal. Come, let's limn!—

Clotho, the distaff-bearer; she looks grim,
Deep-eyed, contemplative, with glance afar,
As one who scans the serried ranks of war
From some plain-dominating pinnacle.
Yes, that's a master-piece: stands clear,
looks well.

Germania calmly spins the web of Peace;
Her grip upon the spindle shall not cease
Whilst I am Cloud-compeller. Blessed PAX!
That distaff, well "replenished with smooth
flax."

As smooth CATULLUS—is it not so?—sings,
Must, in the present shaky state of things,
Be firmly handled, or sedition's shocks
Will send us back to Erebus and Nox.

Better their dismal daughters! Iron might
Alone may war with Chaos and old Night.
Serpule that shirks, and pity that will pule,
May please the poets, but they cannot rule.
The "Fatal Sisters" knew not change nor ruth.

Those old Greek singers had an eye for truth;
And that is something more than one can say
For sentimental twanglers of to-day.

Then Lachesis! Yes—that's the style of head
For her who, under guidance, spins the thread
Of Policy—which is a kingdom's life.
Lachesis knows the woe of inner strife,
For all her haughty Hapsburg lip. Spin out
The long thread lightly; veil that look of doubt

Which on the face of Clotho dwells and lingers.
'Tis yours to "make it pliant 'twixt the
fingers,"

And "equalise" ('tis no light task!) "the
Spin on; I have an eye upon the issues.
Your Crown looms shadowy; with that dual
blur (occur)—
Of lamp-lights when—(a thing that will
A man hath wined not wisely, but too well.
A Fate, remember, must be firm and fell.

And Atropos? Aha! This Fate looks steady,
The shears firm-gripping, and to use them
ready.

A crown of lesser height but firmer poise.
Could Fates be glad, one might conceive she
joys,

Like some young pard, in her life-slitting
function,
Which she would exercise without compunc-
tion.

But Fates, like suns, must neither lag nor
haste,
Not theirs to husband and not theirs to waste
The thread attenuate, but to twirl, spin, slit,
As what e'en they obey may order it.

And that, the higher overmastering source
At once of web and shears, of fate and
force?

Well, the wise ancients left that agent vague;
And so will I. It is the petty plague
Of little minds to pry.

My picture! So!
It does not follow MICHAEL ANGELO
With any servile closeness, I admit. He
Painted those pitiless hags that in the Pitti
Freeze all men's marrow with their stony
glare.

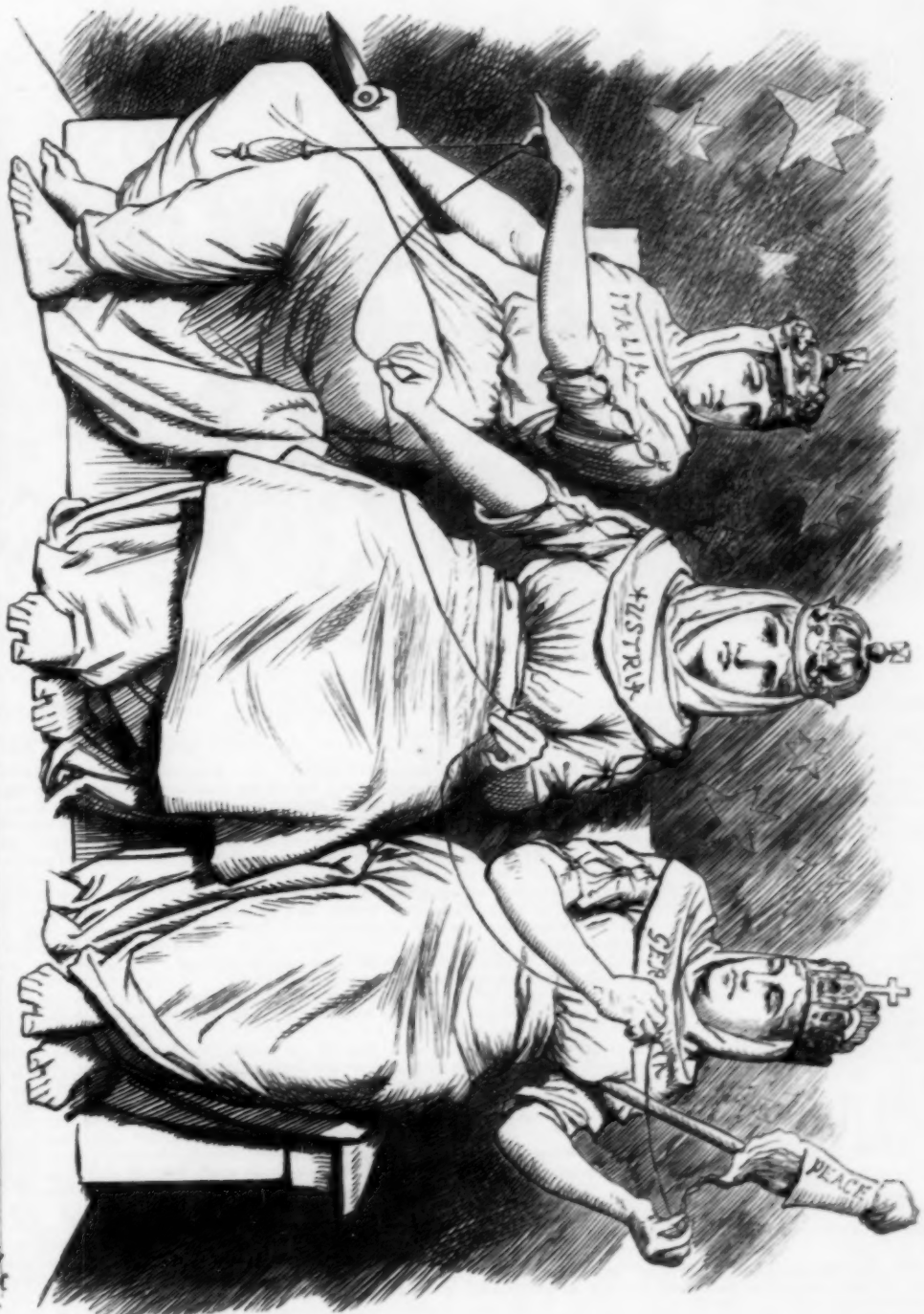
The gazer who can front those orbs might dare
To meet Medusa's petrifying glance.
But times must change, creeds shift, and Art
advance.

Masters may differ. This is my design
For the Three Modern Fates; much less
maliga

Than massive MICHAEL's, yet prepared to act
With iron promptness. A political pact
Like this should bid all war and tumult cease,
Since the Three Fates form now a League of
Peace!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, being told of the "Pas-
tels' Exhibition," observed, "Let me see, who
is PASTEL? Isn't he a doctor who cured mad
dogs? It must be a most interesting show.
Where is it—at the Crystal Palace, where the
Cat Show was?"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 27, 1898.



ITALY.

AUSTRIA.

GERMANY.

"THE SISTERS THREE; OR, THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE."



OUR NEW M.F.H.

MR. TOPPLES, OUR NEW M.F.H., HAS DECIDED TO HUNT THE HOUNDS HIMSELF; BUT FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, HE HAS ADOPTED THE ABOVE CAPITAL PLAN.

ROBERT'S ESTONISHMENT.

I HAVE lived to see the day when a Cheerman of a Copperashun Cummittee has publickly dared,—without a blush, as far as I could see, and I fixt my egle gaze upon him as he spoke,—to exclaim to an estonished crowd, "Water, brite Water for me! and give your wine to the trembling Debbawshe!" How the three or four ancient Deputy's as herd him liked the strange words of course I don't know, but this I do know, that when a few ours arterwards the Cummittee was all seated cumferally together at their favorite Gildhall Tavern and me a waiting on 'em, as ushal, they all drunk the plucky Cheerman's good helth together, and chaffed him most tremenjusly about his watery speech. But he bore it all chearfully, like a man and a brother, and tossed off a bumper of fine old Port after thanking them for their kyind wishes.

So I needn't have bin so worry grately alarmed at the Cheerman's xtromary speech, but he even did wuss then that on another simmyler ocashun, as I will now perceed to relate.

It seems as the Copperashun, not kontent with setting up the best Skools, and the best Libery, and the best Markets, and the best Bridges in all the hole City, has lately gorn into the Parks and Open Spaces line, and after spendin about a quarter of a millyun of money in buying Epping Forrest, as I herd the Cheerman of the Cummittee say only a few weeks ago, has quite lately took charge of Highget Woods, and wen sumbody arsked leave to put up a Fountane there, so that the pore littel boys and gals as goes there could wash there hands, and setterer, the Copperashun not only allowd it, but sent down a Cummittee to see as it was all rite, and to take charge of it, and it was on this ocashun that the Cheerman made the owdacious speech I have menshuned. I was there, and I herd what was a going on, and I scarcely xpects to be beleived when I says that sum of the pore littel children, dreckly as the Cheerman's back was turned, acshally went up and drunk sum of the werry cold water, pore littel things! The Cummittee might have let it run ginger beer just for wunce. But wuss remanes behind. For only larst week the same Cheerman took down the werry same Cummittee to take over another Fountane, as another liberal minded Gent—tho' he is a blooming Conservativ—had offered to give for the Queen's Park at Killburn, which is another of their good worx.

It was a bitter cold day, so the bizziness was got thro' rayther more

quicker than afore, and wen the liberal conserwatif Gent had made his nice little speech and anded over his nice littel Fountane, the Cheerman stood forrard, and I could see a wisibel shudder run through the elderly members of the Cummittee for fear as he shoold commit hisself as afore. But no, he awoided the delicate subjiect altogether, and made one of them bewtiful littel speeches as only Cheermen can make, and the Cummittee was ewidently much releaved in their minds speshally the old uns. But, wunderfool to relate, insted of descending from his stony pedestal of glory and retiring gracefoolly amid the people's cheers, he acshally filled a pewter cup to the brim and quaffed it off without a shudder, and called upon his Cummittee to boldly stand forward and do likewise! Oh, the grim smiles upon their countynancys was a sight to see! One ancient Deputy endeavourd in wane to conceal his disgust, while another had the pluck to boldly announce what all the others dowtless thort, namely, that he shoold prefer it with jest a leetle drop of old Skotch whiskey in it!

And now jest one word of frendly warnin to my kyind Patrons.

It's trew, as I'm told, that the Board of Works, having failed to give sattisfaction by living on nothink but Work and Water, is about to give place to another Board with a different name, but with the same hutterly himpossibel condishuns, and you may be thinkin of haltering your old successful, becoz libberal, plan of hopperashuns, to catch a little fleating poppylarity. But it will be a orful mistake, for while it will chill and disappint your frends it will only excite the content of your fos.

(ROBERT.)

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

In answer to numerous Correspondents, we beg to state, on more than undoubted authority, that,—

1. The "Saturday Review" will not in future appear every Tuesday. 2. That it will be edited by its Editor in London, and not in a Cottage near the "Merrie Green Wood." 3. That its Editor is nor going to undertake the chief direction of the Detective and Private Inquiry Department of the Police under the sobriquet of "POLLOCKY." 4. That neither Mr. What's-his-name nor Mr. What-you-may-call-um is engaged on the paper. 5. That every report put about by Thingummy Bob when he was rather Thingummy Tight is hereby emphatically contradicted.



PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

New Mistress. "AND WHAT WAGES DO YOU EXPECT?"

New Cook. "WELL, MUM, IT DEPENDS ON THE STYLE YOU LIVE IN. IF I'M TO DO THE DINING-ROOM, ENTRANCE 'ALL AND DOORSTEP, AS WELL AS THE COOKING, LIKE IN A MIDDLE CLASS 'OUSE—TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR. BUT IF I'M TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID TO 'ELP, AND NOTHING BUT THE COOKING TO ATTEND TO, LIKE IN A GENTLEMAN'S 'OUSE, I SHALL REQUIRE FORTY!"

SEEN YOUR CRISPI?

SIGNOR CRISPI, the Italian Premier, having recently been interviewed by an English Journalist, a representative from 85, Fleet Street, was despatched to Rome to see him. The following is the report that has been received from our Correspondent, which is published with all rights reserved, but not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith.

I must say I was a little surprised to find that instead of being "a short compactly-built Italian," as I expected to see him, from the description furnished by my journalistic colleague, Signor CRISPI was decidedly podgy, not to say stout. He received me with great courtesy, seating himself gracefully on the only chair there was in the room, and apologising profusely for not being able to offer me one too.

"You have seen, no doubt," he said, with a smile, "that your predecessor, in interviewing me, 'had not exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with me ere he recognised in me a man to whom waste of time and verbal banalities were assuredly little less than intolerable.' He was right. And now what can I do for you?"

"Lend me half-a-crown," I replied, from force of habit.

To my surprise he produced the coin, and, for a moment, I thought he was about to present it to me. However, the shrewd common sense of the man conquered, and he replaced it in his waistcoat pocket.

"You will pardon me, but, to please a dear little niece of mine, aged five, I promised never to put my name on a bill of exchange, and never to lend a sixpence to any one. I am unwilling to deceive her."

HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

[At Liverpool, Queen PATIENCE, *et. 19*, wife of the deposed King JA-JA, was highly charmed with the railways and the electric light, but imputed both to the inventive genius of the "debbie," "as man have no abbey do dem tings."—*Evening Paper.*]

OLD English worthies never saw
The Railway or Electric Light,
Which, seen but unexplained, with awe
And wonder would have dazed their sight;
Such marvels, *certes*, they'd have thought,
Could be by warlocks only wrought.

Witchcraft, not very long ago,
Stood on the code of actual crimes;
Most things whose causes none could know
Were magic in the good times.
Whate'er they didn't understand,
To solve the "debbie" was at hand.

Grave doctors, lawyers, and divines,
Regarded, from their point of view,
As portents, prodigies, and signs,
And cantrips, to his action due,
Each new discovery science made.
Invented by the "debbie's" aid.

In her philosophy, to-day,
Queen PATIENCE, not above a child,
Is just about as wise as they,
When faggots were for witches piled.
The learned need not boast, a pebble
They care no longer for the "debbie."

A LAST FLARE-UP!—The flickering Lord Mayor, who will be extinguished on the Ninth of November, has been writing to the papers, indignantly denying that when in Belgium he ever made the "ridiculous statements" or expressed the "contemptible opinions" about London (*e.g.*, its being "the cesspool of Europe") that have been attributed to him. Neither *Mr. Punch*, nor any other sensible citizen, ever for one moment believed that the now flickering and sputtering Civic Light could have "said such a tings." The idea of a Lord Mayor of London fouling his own Mayor's nest! Why, it would be enough to make WHITTINGTON "turn again" in his grave. Farewell, brave POLYDORE! Here comes the Ninth of November, with the Extinguisher, and the next Lord Mayor's banquet will be your "blow out!"

"Well, if you will not do me this trifling favour," I replied, a little vexed, "perhaps you will reveal the secret of your future policy."

"With pleasure," returned Signor CRISPI, promptly; "but I must rely on your discretion to tell no one save the readers of your paper. If you cannot give me that assurance, I must be, as we say in Italy, as dumb as a plum-pudding, and as reticent as a mince pie."

I gave the required assurance.

"Now I can tell you what I propose to do. As you are aware, we have a secret treaty with Russia (the Emperor WILLIAM brought it from St. Petersburg, as a present for me, in his portmanteau) and relying upon this we shall insult France next month so grossly that we are sure to be nicely at war with her by Christmas. Consequently I would advise you to sell for the fall."

"Most interesting," I murmured, "and now tell me about England. I think you were in London?"

"Only for a short time—six months. But I admired your city. Your Vauxhall Bridge Road was magnificent!"

"Did you see any of the buildings,—monuments?"

"Why, certainly, yes. Your Victoria Station was not then built, but your Lambeth Suspension Bridge was splendid!"

"Where did you lunch?"

"At a baker's. I used to buy a crumpet, soak it well in water, and eat it. It was really excellent!"

"Yes—and could you speak the language?"

"Only a few words. 'Cabman, you are a thief—I will not pay you your fare!' This sentence was electric, and, thanks to the teaching of the Cabmen, I soon learned good, strong, forcible

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 19.



THE GRAND OLD STUMPER AND HIS OFFSHOOTS.

English. For instance, I thoroughly understand the value of the termination of Amsterdam. I also acquired from them the rudiments of boxing."

"Do you take any interest in our country, now that you have so much to do in your own Parliament?" I asked.

"Assuredly, yes," he replied. "When your journalistic colleague called, I showed him Mr. RITCHIE'S Local Government Bill, which had been sent to me, I fancy, as a practical joke. However, I have determined to understand it, and have procured to assist me in that endeavour this beautifully illustrated work, which I am told is your standard authority on all matters of law."

The Italian Premier then produced the latest edition of the *Comic Blackstone*, which I assured him would indeed be of infinite service to him.

"And now I must leave you, as the King has been waiting for me for the last hour and a half. You will forgive me for locking up the side-board, but it contains not only spirits, but some valuable plate."

And thus the interview ended. Two minutes later I was in the street, carrying with me a strange umbrella, that I had secretly secured as a memento of my very interesting visit. I have retained that umbrella ever since!



"CUM GRANO SALIS."

Old Method for Catching a very Old Bird—the Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs.

VAN JEFFERSON once made so popular here at the Adelphi. It might be termed a "What-you-may-Karl-it" sort of piece.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION.—Mr. ROBERT FOWLER will probably be invited to join this Committee. His department will be to bring out a new Psalter.

PRINCE KARL, at the Lyceum, seems to be a puzzle to such playgoers as have seen it. An incoherent and grotesque sort of American farce with a part in the broken Dutch dialect that RIP

RECKLESS WRECKERS.

On the first night of the re-opening of the St. James's Theatre, under the management of the Rev. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, there seems to have been a row. Some unprofessional critics in the gallery objected to something that Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, the able critic, attached deeply to the *Daily Telegraph*, had written about "Wreckers on a First Night," and to prove how unprejudiced they were, and how quietly they could behave, the Wreckers in the gallery, who resented the Critic's accusation, determined to give the In-CLEMENT SCOTT D. T. fits; and so the Gods yelled at him from above, and though guarded by a chivalrous Knight, Sir JOSEPH the Erudite of the order of Minerva, these rowdies followed him, threatening personal violence. It was more than ten to one against Mr. SCOTT coming off scot-free. But he did. Only—where were the police? or where was a policeman to act as a Coast-guardman, and rout or arrest the reckless "Wreckers"? If they begin this with Critics what will they do with Editors!! Guilty Cinna's will tremble if violent mob-lawlessness is to supersede comfortable criticism. So, down with *premieres* altogether! Let's have a solemn critic's night with the critics arranged on their benches, "a terrible show," no disturbing "wreckers" present, and smoking allowed in every part of the house.



THE GORDON MONUMENT AND ITS MESSAGE.

[On October 16, at 11:30, the Gordon Monument in Trafalgar Square was unveiled by Mr. PLUNKET, the First Commissioner of Works, without speech or formality of any kind.]

In silence! Somewhere in the wild Soudan
Lies, silent too, the calm heroic man,
Whom none of English blood henceforth may name
Without a thrill of pride shot through with shame.
And here's his statue! Slain afar, alone!
Memory needs no memorial of stone
To speak of GORDON, or awake a thought
Of the pure paladin who toiled and fought
For England, and Humanity, and Heaven;
The record of whose life should be a leaven
Of quickening greatness in a factious age
Of petty jealousies and Party rage.
Fortitude, Faith, and Justice; noble three,
Linked by the gentle bond of Charity,
These deck his statue as they graced his life.
England, with pride and shame so much at strife
In every proud and patriotic breast,
What speech avails? Silence perchance is best.
But there's a work of his, memorial high
At once of GORDON and of Charity,
Which we, without o'ermuch of empty speech,
May carry on. To save, to help, to teach
The young of England was our hero's aim.
To let his death destroy his work were shame.
GORDON'S Boys' Home! There speaks a strong appeal,
Which every heart of British make should feel.
It cries for aid; response should not be slow;
For hearty help thereto, right well we know,
Would fill the hero's heart with more content
Than glowing praise or glorious monument.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

LAST Thursday Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN gave an amusing and instructive lecture at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on Music. Why on Music? How perverse! Why there are a number of subjects of which he is utterly ignorant, and on which, therefore, he could have lectured with far more benefit to himself at all events. But Sir ARTHUR is unselfish, and so he told them how, in the course of his cramming at the British Museum, he had come across a picture dated 866 A.D. of "a concert consisting of a six-string harp, a four-string fiddle, a trumpet, and a crooked horn. Curiously enough," continued Sir ARTHUR, triumphantly, "this is, with the exception of the horn, exactly the same combination of instruments that we see nearly every Saturday night playing outside a London public-house." Ahem! "We see." Who are "we"? The three Savoyards, Witty S. G., D'OYLE CARTEY of Killaloe, and the eminent lecturer? Not "every Saturday night," but "nearly every Saturday night." "Playing outside;" then "we" see them on coming out, eh? This is the consequence of an admission, a free admission. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Sir ARTHUR for his address, in which he gave sound advice to his hearers, and had a kind and generous word for everybody of note in the musical profession.

J. M. Leby.

BORN, 1812. DIED, OCT. 12, 1888.

A NAME that fame will link with the Cheap Press!
He seized the moment and he snatched success.
The proletariat pence he found would build
A fortune for the shrewd and the strong-willed,
As well and swiftly as patrician pounds.
Keeness that measures, kindness that abounds,
Are not the worst equipment for that strife
Of loves and interests which men call Life.
With him 'tis o'er, and many known to fame
Have left less good and less-enduring name.

THE PASTELLIST OF THE PAVEMENT.

MR. SALA—it could have been no one else—in a lively and instructive article on "Pastels" in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*, describes the art and artist thus:—



"It holds a middle rank between drawing and painting. The draughtsman, strictly so called, executes his designs with the lead pencil, the pen, or the chalk crayon. With the last he may work on a tinted ground, he may even use brown chalks, also he may employ red." . . . "The worker in pastel is essentially a worker 'in the dry.' Moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear." . . . "Instead of palette and brushes, the pastellist needs only a long box, the compartments of which are filled with coloured crayons," &c., &c.

After reading this, put a penny in your pocket, and go and watch the method of the Pastellist of the Pavement, who brings his chalks in the morning, and walks his chalks off in the evening. He is indeed a "worker in the dry," and "moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear," for a shower of rain causes him and his colours to run together. The only brush he is likely to have is one with the police, but this is very rare, as the Pastellist of the Pavement is inoffensive and industrious. The Art is, from the nature of the case, low, but when the Pastellist of the Pavement has arrived at a certain pitch—a good one in a respectably frequented thoroughfare—there he sticks, and never gets beyond it.

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER."—In the *Times* of last Thursday, Mr. JOHN FINCANE wrote a letter indignantly denying that in a speech at "Windygap"—(number of blustering speeches made at many Windygaps all over the country and by men of all sorts and conditions of parties)—he had told the blacksmiths to shoe the landgrabbers' horses and "drive the nails into the quick." He wrote at a white heat from "Coole House, Caherelly, County Limerick." But if anyone's residence should be styled "Coole House," it should be that of the Irish Secretary, who is "cool as a cucumber." How some of the Nationalist "Coolies" would like to give Cucumber BALFOUR a dressing with a taste of his own vinegar and plenty of pepper!

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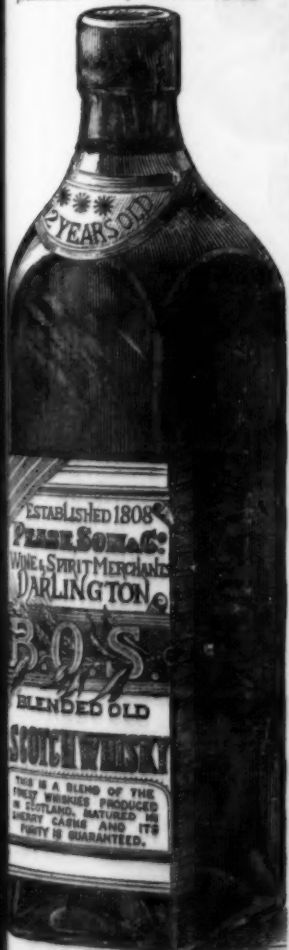
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B.O.S. is remarkable for its "delicious individuality of flavour," mellowness and softness on the palate.

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Carriage Paid on Cases of 1 doz. and upwards. B.O.S. is sold in square white bottles, labelled and caponed.

Cases charged 2s. per Dozen, allowed for when returned, and 1s. per Dozen allowed for empty B.O.S. bottles.

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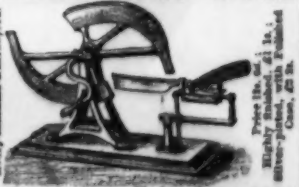
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A few of the many Good Reasons why CADBURY'S COCOA enjoys such World-wide Popularity:

It is guaranteed to be Pure Cocoa.
It is Soluble in boiling Milk or Water.
It is not reduced in value by the addition of Starch, Sugar, &c.
It is specially rich in flesh-forming and strength-sustaining principles.

It contains all the delicious aroma of the Natural Article, without the excessive proportions of fat.

It is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage suitable for all seasons of the year.

It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains against hunger and bodily fatigue. In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.

Precaution and Warning.

ALWAYS ask for CADBURY'S COCOA. Always examine your purchase. See that you have not been induced to accept an imitation, and be wary of highly-coloured and drugged preparations offered as pure Cocoa. Anything of a medicated character associated with Cocoa proclaims at once that it is not pure.